DC

0

JAN 95

EXTREME JUSTICE

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

VADO
CAMPOS
BRANCH

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, COLORADO.

...YOU CAN TELL THE PRESIDENT AND THE JOINT CHIEFS WE'VE GOT THE PERIMETER OF THE BASE SECURE, BUT THINGS DON'T LOOK GOOD...

NOT ONLY HAS COLONEL WEST IGNORED ORDERS TO *STAND DOWN* FROM HIS POST, HE'S ISOLATED THE BASE FROM COMMAND NETWORK...

...AND IS THREATENING TO *LAUNCH* HIS *MISSILES* AT *RUSSIA!*

HE'S ALSO MANAGED TO ROUND UP SOME SORT OF *PROTO-TYPE ORDNANCE.* AN ASSAULT ON THE BASE IS GOING TO BE *VERY* COSTLY!

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TIME FOR AN ASSAULT, FRENCH--

--I'M *VERY* CLOSE TO LAUNCHING, AND WHEN I DO, THE PRESIDENT WILL HAVE *NO CHOICE* BUT TO LAUNCH A FULL-SCALE *PREEMPTIVE STRIKE* AGAINST THE SOVIETS!

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND, WEST?!

I'M NOT *CRAZY,* FRENCH, I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO *UNDERSTANDS.* THE COLD WAR ISN'T *OVER,* IT'S ONLY *HALF-TIME!* IF WE DON'T STRIKE A BLOW FOR FREEDOM *NOW* WHILE THEY'RE *WEAK,* WE MAY NEVER GET THE CHANCE!

NO, THEY'RE MOVING TOO *SLOWLY* AND THEY DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT RADAR SIGNATURE FOR FIGHTERS OR *CRUISE MISSILES...*

WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY SHOULD BE REACHING OUR PERIMETER RIGHT ABOUT...

COLONEL *WEST!* WE'VE GOT *TROUBLE!* I'M TRACKING MULTIPLE IN-BOUNDS COMING OUT OF THE EAST.

IN-BOUNDS? FIGHTERS?

"...NOW!"

OK, EVERYONE, LISTEN UP!

THE ARMAMENT ON THE SURFACE IS NOT OUR MAJOR CONCERN, JUST TIE IT UP WHILE I GET INTO THE *COMMAND BUNKER.*

WEST HAS TO TURN BOTH OF HIS LAUNCH KEYS *SIMULTANEOUSLY* IN ORDER TO FIRE HIS MISSILES; ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS *NEUTRALIZE* ONE OF THE COMMAND CONSOLES.

Oh, *SURE,* EASY FOR MISTER-COVERED-IN-ALIEN-METAL TO SAY...

CAN IT, KORD!

WITH A BANG

WRITTEN BY DAN VADO
PENCILS BY MARC CAMPOS
INKS BY KEN BRANCH
LETTERS BY KEVIN CUNNINGHAM
COLORS BY LEE LOUGHRIDGE
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: RUBEN DIAZ
EDITOR: BRIAN AUGUSTYN

FEELS...*WEIRD*, SOMEHOW, TO BE BACK IN *ACTION* AGAIN...

OTHER THAN HAVING *DIED*, I CAN'T THINK WHY.

BR4-KOW

BRRRRRRP

THE POINT IS, THAT YOU *DIDN'T* DIE, GOLD--THANKS TO THE PACE-MAKER BEETLE BUILT INTO YOUR *BATTLE ARMOR!*

HMM... SPEAKING OF BATTLE ARMOR, THIS ARMOR IS *WAY* BEYOND ANYTHING IN U.S. MILITARY STOCKPILES...

...THIS WEST LUNATIC MUST HAVE SOME *CONNEC-TIONS*...

BEETLE, LOOK OUT!!!

ZHA-KOOM

RELAX, CAP, THESE THINGS ARE CAKE!

IDIOTS KEEP BLASTING WHERE I *WAS*, INSTEAD OF WHERE I'M *GOING*.

BA-THOOM

BRRRRRRP

MAN... SOMETIMES I EVEN IMPRESS *MYSELF!*

THESE THINGS WOULD NOT BE FIT TO BE *SANITATION DROIDS* ON ALMERAC...THEY ARE SCARCELY WORTHY OF OUR *ATTENTION!*

WELL, REMIND ME NEVER TO GO TO *ALMERAC* THEN. BESIDE'S IT'S THE GUY IN THE BUNKER WE REALLY HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT.

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

ZHWEEEEEEEP

SKA-RUNCH

WAY AHEAD OF YOU, WILL.

AND THAT'S *IT*, END OF *CONSOLE*, END OF *PROBLEM.*

KRA-KOW

I JUST NEED A SECOND TO GET THROUGH ALL THIS *CONCRETE--*

--AND GO *UNDER-GROUND!*

GAME OVER, PAL. GIVE UP QUIETLY, OR WE CAN DO IT THE *HARD WAY.*

EITHER WAY'S OK WITH ME.

SPAM

KATHOOM

HA HAHA HAAA!

HOW HEROICALLY *STUPID* YOU ARE.

DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE--

--IF I STILL NEEDED *TWO KEYS* TO LAUNCH WITH?

...GOOD GOD IN HEAVEN...

SOMEONE GET ME THE PRESIDENT-- HE'S NOT?!

THEN KISS YOUR BUTT GOOD-BYE!

Uh oh... LOOKS LIKE CAP WAS TOO LATE!

KSOOOOM

FU

TOO LATE, SHINY BOY!

NO!!

FREEDOM IS REALLY GOING TO RING!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!!

DAMN! I FORGOT HOW *FAST* THESE THINGS ARE...

BUT, I'VE GOT TO BE *FASTER!*

TOO... MUCH AT... STAKE!

GOT IT!

NOW... MUST CHANGE ITS COURSE...

CAN'T LET UP...

CAN'T... LET... UP...

FATHOOOM

ATOM...

CAP!!

MAXIMA, CAN YOU SENSE HIM... DID HE SURVIVE?!

RELAX, BEETLE, I'M FINE.

HOT DAMN, CAP, THAT WAS SOME SHOW. YOU SAVED ALL OUR TAILS!

IT'S A DARN GOOD THING WE'RE ON THE SAME TEAM...

I'M NOT ON YOUR TEAM, COLONEL, I JUST HAVE AN AVERSION TO SEEING INNOCENT PEOPLE INCINERATED.

THE ONLY TEAM I'M ON THESE DAYS IS THE ONE STANDING BEHIND ME.

Oh REALLY, AND WHAT TEAM MIGHT THAT BE?

TRUST ME, I'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT WORSE.

WHAT, ARE YOU BLIND, PAL?

WE'RE THE JUSTICE LEAGUE!

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, BEETLE?

WELL, WE *ARE* GOING TO NEED A PLACE TO SET UP SHOP IF WE'RE GOING TO STICK TOGETHER...

OLD HABITS, I GUESS. BESIDES WE'VE GOT AS MUCH RIGHT TO THE NAME AS ANYONE.

NOT TO MENTION THE *BAD GUYS* OF THE WORLD!

THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE*? BUT...

THAT'S US, BUDDY. DON'T WEAR OUT THE *NAME!*

SO WHERE TO *NOW*, FEARLESS LEADER?

...SOME PLACE WHERE WE CAN KEEP AN EYE ON WONDER WOMAN AND HER BUNCH...

RIGHT, OF COURSE, THAT'S WHAT I MEANT.

EVERYONE, *FOLLOW ME!*

I KNOW *JUST* THE PLACE.

Ah, WHAT A NATURAL BORN LEADER YOU ARE, CAPTAIN...

BARK AN ORDER AND EVERYONE *JUMPS!*

SUCH A BLESSING TO COMMAND THAT KIND OF *RESPECT!*

BUT YOU'LL LEARN THAT LESSON SOON ENOUGH, CAPTAIN.

THE TIME IS COMING FOR YOU TO BE TAKEN DOWN.

TIME FOR ME TO TAKE BACK WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE.

THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH THAT KIND OF RESPECT IS YOU HAVE TO KEEP *EARNING* IT.

I MUCH PREFER THE KIND OF RESPECT THAT COMES FROM *FEAR!*

YES, ENJOY LIFE WHILE YOU *CAN*, CAPTAIN...

"...BECAUSE YOU ARE JUST ABOUT *OUT OF TIME!*"

THIS IS... AN ABANDONED *SILVER MINE?!*

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR *MIND*, ATOM? I DID *NOT* AGREE TO FOLLOW YOU TO A *HOLE* IN THE GROUND IN THE MIDDLE OF *NOWHERE!*

WHERE THE HECK *ARE* WE, CAP?

HEY, THIS IS *NEVADA*, ISN'T IT? WE ANYWHERE NEAR *VEGAS?*

COOL IT, BOOSTER.

DANGER

WE'RE AT THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE BEST-KEPT SECRETS ON THE PLANET.

WELCOME TO *MOUNT THUNDER*, EVERYONE... WELCOME *HOME!*

WILL EVERYONE PLEASE COOL IT?

THIS ISN'T *JUST* AN ABANDONED MINE...

...JUST FOLLOW ME AND I'LL *EXPLAIN!*

NINETY PERCENT OF *NEVADA* IS OWNED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. MOST OF IT IS USELESS SCRUB AND ABANDONED MINING CLAIMS.

BUT AT ONE TIME, THIS *PARTICULAR* MINE SHAFT LED TO A NETWORK OF TUNNELS WHICH WAS ONE OF THE *BACKBONES* OF OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE STRATEGY.

BACK THEN, MOUNT THUNDER WAS AN OFF-BUDGET BASE DESIGNED TO BE THE HOME OF THE *MILITARY/ INDUSTRIAL COMMUNITY* IN THE EVENT OF A *NUCLEAR ATTACK.*

I SUPPOSE THE GOVERNMENT WANTED TO BE ABLE TO WAGE WAR FROM BELOW IF EVERYTHING ON THE SURFACE WAS *WIPED OUT!*

AT ANY RATE, WITH THE EXISTENCE OF *NORAD* IN COLORADO AND MOUNT WEATHER IN VIRGINIA, MOUNT THUNDER WAS CLASSIFIED A REDUNDANCY AND SHUT DOWN.

BY MY ESTIMATE, THE PLACE HAS BEEN *ABANDONED* FOR ABOUT *TWENTY YEARS.*

I DON'T THINK ANY *OFFICIAL* KNOWLEDGE OF MOUNT THUNDER SURVIVED PAST THE JOHNSON ADMINISTRATION.

I DOUBT ANYTHING OF ANY *VALUE* WAS LEFT HERE... STILL THERE SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR US TO BUILD A CREDIBLE BASE.

BUT, ISN'T *SOMEONE* GOING TO *MIND* US SETTING UP SHOP HERE?

NAH,... ASIDE FROM A FEW *BATS* AND THE OTHER ODD RODENT, THERE PROBABLY ISN'T ANYTHING IN...

...HERE ...?

INTRUDER ALERT INTRUDER ALERT

INTRUDERS VERIFIED IN HUB CONTROL

uh oh

UH OH?!

WOOSH WOOSH WOOSH

HEY, IS IT JUST ME OR DO THESE THINGS LOOK FAMILIAR?

OR IS IT JUST THAT *EVERYTHING* THAT'S TRYING TO *VAPORIZE* YOU STARTS TO LOOK *FAMILIAR* AFTER A WHILE?

YOU'RE A *QUICK* STUDY...

I DON'T KNOW, CAP, BUT I THINK THIS WARRANTS A LITTLE *MORE* THAN AN *UH OH!*

HANG ON, BUDDY, I'VE GOT YOU!

GEEZ, TALK ABOUT *CLOSE!* THOSE THINGS ALMOST FRIED ME!

ARRGHH!

WILL, BEHIND YOU!

KRAK

TH-THANKS FOR THE *WARNING*, BEETLE, IT GAVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO ABSORB THAT BLAST...

YOU'RE *WELCOME.*

Uh, YEAH. *THANKS.*

SO I COULD DO THIS!!!

ZZKAM

ATOM! I'VE SCANNED THESE MACHINES, THEY ARE UNMANNED DRONES!

IF WE COULD FIND WHAT'S CONTROLLING THEM...

TO BLAZES WITH THAT!

OK, EVERYONE-- POUR IT ON!!!

STOMP

BEETLE...

WAY AHEAD OF YOU, CAP.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A CONTROL ROOM, I'LL SEE IF I CAN CANCEL THE SECURITY ALERT.

HMM, THIS *DOES* SEEM FAMILIAR.

OKAY, CAP, WE'RE ALL *CLEAR!*

WHAT EXACTLY *IS* THIS PLACE--SOME SORT OF VENUSIAN *TRAIN STATION?*

THIS AREA IS KNOWN AS *THE HUB.* THIS IS AS FAR AS I EVER MADE IT WHEN I WAS *STATIONED* HERE IN THE SIXTIES.

BUT IT *NEVER* LOOKED ANYTHING *LIKE* THIS.

NO, IT DOESN'T. NOT ONLY HAS THIS PLACE BEEN *MAINTAINED* --

--BUT IT'S BEEN UPDATED WITH EQUIPMENT NOT IN THE REGULAR WEAPONS INVENTORY OF *ANY* BRANCH OF THE SERVICE...

IT ALSO DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'S VERY *DESERTED!*

SO... YOU THINK THE *GOVERNMENT* IS KEEPING THE PLACE UP?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I INTEND TO *FIND OUT* BEFORE I LEAVE.

HELLO, GENERAL SYNGE, THE PRESIDENT WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.

NO NEED FOR THE FORMALITIES, ROSE, I SELDOM USE THE RANK ANYMORE. I THINK I'VE FINALLY GOTTEN USED TO RETIREMENT.

WELL, IN MY BOOK, A MAN OF YOUR STATURE DESERVES ALL THE RESPECT HE CAN GET.

HE ALSO DESERVES TO GET HIS MESSAGES... YOUR WIFE CALLED.

M-MY WIFE?

YES, SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE POWER BEING OUT IN CONNECTICUT? SHE SOUNDED QUITE AGITATED.

SILLY ME, AND HERE I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE AVAILABLE.

YES, WELL, I SHOULD LOOK INTO IT RIGHT AWAY! PLEASE TELL THE OTHERS TO GO AHEAD AND START WITHOUT ME.

YES, GENERA--Er, MISTER SYNGE.

WAIT! YOU CAN USE MY PHONE IF YOU LIKE!

GENERAL ?!?

MARTHA, THIS IS SYNGE. HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND-- LEAVING A CODED MESSAGE WITH THE WHITE HOUSE SWITCH BOARD?!!

Oh, THANK GOD YOU CALLED. WHERE ARE YOU RIGHT NOW?

I'M IN A CLOSET IN THE BLASTED WHITE HOUSE. I'M ON FULL SCRAMBLE, I'M ABOUT TO MISS A MEETING WITH PRESIDENT FRENCH FRY AND I'M THIS CLOSE TO BEING NAILED...

WHAT?

IT GETS **WORSE**. THE INTRUDERS ARE A GROUP OF SUPER BEINGS LED BY CAPTAIN ATOM.

WHY DIDN'T YOU USE A SECURE LINE?

WE TRIED BUT OUR SATELLITE LINK WAS DOWN, AND YOU HAD TO HEAR THIS...

...WE'VE HAD A SECURITY BREACH... AT MOUNT THUNDER.

ATOM... DAMN, THIS IS BAD. I THOUGHT WE HAD HIM DISTRACTED!

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF THERE BEFORE HE FIGURES OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.

FIND THE ALERT CODES FOR MOUNT THUNDER AND FEED THEM TO THE AIR FORCE, THEIR SPECIAL FORCES TEAM WILL DO THE REST.

BUT SIR, WON'T ASKING THE AIR FORCE FOR HELP COMPROMISE THE PROJECT?

RELAX, MARTHA, MOUNT THUNDER IS THE BEST-KEPT SECRET SINCE THE MANHATTAN PROJECT. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WORKED ON THAT, YET ONLY A HANDFUL KNEW WHAT IT WAS ACTUALLY ABOUT.

NO LESS THAN FIVE PRESIDENTS HAVE APPROVED FUNDING FOR PROJECTS RELATING TO MOUNT THUNDER WITHOUT SEEING THE ENTIRE PICTURE. THE AIR FORCE PROVIDES SECURITY WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT IT IS THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTING.

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF DEALING WITH PEOPLE TRAINED TO FOLLOW ORDERS, THEY RARELY QUESTION OR EVEN CARE ABOUT WHAT THEY'RE ASKED TO DO.

BUT ATOM... ATOM IS A REAL PROBLEM. WE HAVE TO SHUT HIM DOWN NOW--

"--BEFORE HE BECOMES A *DANGER* TO OUR PLANS."

SO, uh... DOC... HOW'S IT GOING? DO YOU HAVE ANY *NEWS* FOR ME YET?

WELL, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD HAVE A SEAT...

WELL... RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE IN BASICALLY DECENT SHAPE, BUT YOUR BLOOD WORK IS *VERY* DISCOURAGING.

YOUR WHITE COUNT IS LOW, AS IS YOUR *PLATELET* COUNT. THIS WOULD EXPLAIN THE WEAKNESS AND *FATIGUE* YOU'VE BEEN FEELING.

I'M SORRY, Mr. *RAYMOND*, BUT ALL SIGNS POINT TO AN ADVANCED CASE OF *LEUKEMIA*.

I *AM* SITTING...

Um, *MORE* THAN *ADVANCED* ACTUALLY. IT'S DOWNRIGHT *UNUSUAL*. I'VE *NEVER* SEEN *ANYTHING* LIKE IT.

FRANKLY, I'M NOT SURE *HOW* YOU'LL RESPOND TO TREATMENT, BUT THERE ARE A NUMBER OF THINGS WE CAN *TRY*... CHEMO, PERHAPS RADIATION...

Oh MAN... THIS IS GOING TO BE... *BAD*, ISN'T IT?

RADIATION ?!

I THINK I'VE HAD *ENOUGH* RADIATION FOR *ONE* LIFETIME.

LOOK, DOC, BE *STRAIGHT* WITH ME. WHAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE? IF I GO THROUGH WITH ALL OF YOUR TREATMENTS, WHAT CHANCE WILL I HAVE OF BEING TOTALLY *CURED?*

BOTTOM LINE? VIRTUALLY *NONE.*

I'M SORRY, RON, BUT YOUR CASE IS *VERY* UNUSUAL. I'VE *NEVER* SEEN TEST RESULTS LIKE THESE. WE CAN GIVE YOU SOME EXTRA *TIME*...SIX MONTHS,.. MAYBE A YEAR. BUT THAT'S PROBABLY A BEST-CASE SITUATION.

"--MAYBE YOU SHOULD VISIT FAMILY...OR *OLD FRIENDS.*"

BOTTOM LINE.

IT SEEMS LIKE I GIVE A DIAGNOSIS LIKE THIS EVERY WEEK. THE *STANDARD* LINE AT THIS POINT IS DON'T LOSE *HOPE.*

PERHAPS THERE *ARE* NEW *THERAPIES* WE COULD TRY. YOU COULD *GET LUCKY* AND GO INTO REMISSION ON YOUR OWN. I'VE *SEEN* THAT HAPPEN, THE HUMAN BODY IS CAPABLE OF *AMAZING* THINGS.

CAP, THIS IS *REALLY* WEIRD. I'VE *NEVER* SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS...

BUT IN ALL *HONESTY,* YOU SHOULD PREPARE FOR THE *WORST.* GET YOUR AFFAIRS IN ORDER, TAKE A *VACATION* WHILE YOU STILL FEEL UP TO IT--

...THIS PLACE IS *DEFINITELY* NOT *ABANDONED.*

I DON'T GET IT, THE PLACE SHOULD BE *EMPTY.*

BEETLE, SEE IF YOU CAN PULL UP ANY DATA ON THIS STUFF.

WAY AHEAD OF YOU, CAP. FROM WHAT I CAN FIGURE, *THIS* PLACE IS CALLED THE *BRAIN* AND IT'S SOME SORT OF *COMMAND CENTER.*

FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, THIS PLACE IS TIED INTO A HUGE *COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK.*

SOMEBODY DID A GREAT JOB OF *SCRAMBLING* THE WORKS BEFORE THEY BUGGED. I CAN GET IT UP AND RUNNING, BUT IT'LL TAKE TIME.

GO TO IT... MEANWHILE, THE REST OF US CAN START SEARCHING THE REST OF THIS FUN HOUSE.

MAXIMA, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE BOOSTER AND SEARCH THE REST OF THIS LEVEL?

IT MIGHT GO *FASTER* IF WE SPLIT UP. I'LL TAKE EVERYTHING FROM HERE TO RENO AND...

HEY, I'VE GOT THE EXTERIOR MONITORS WORKING...

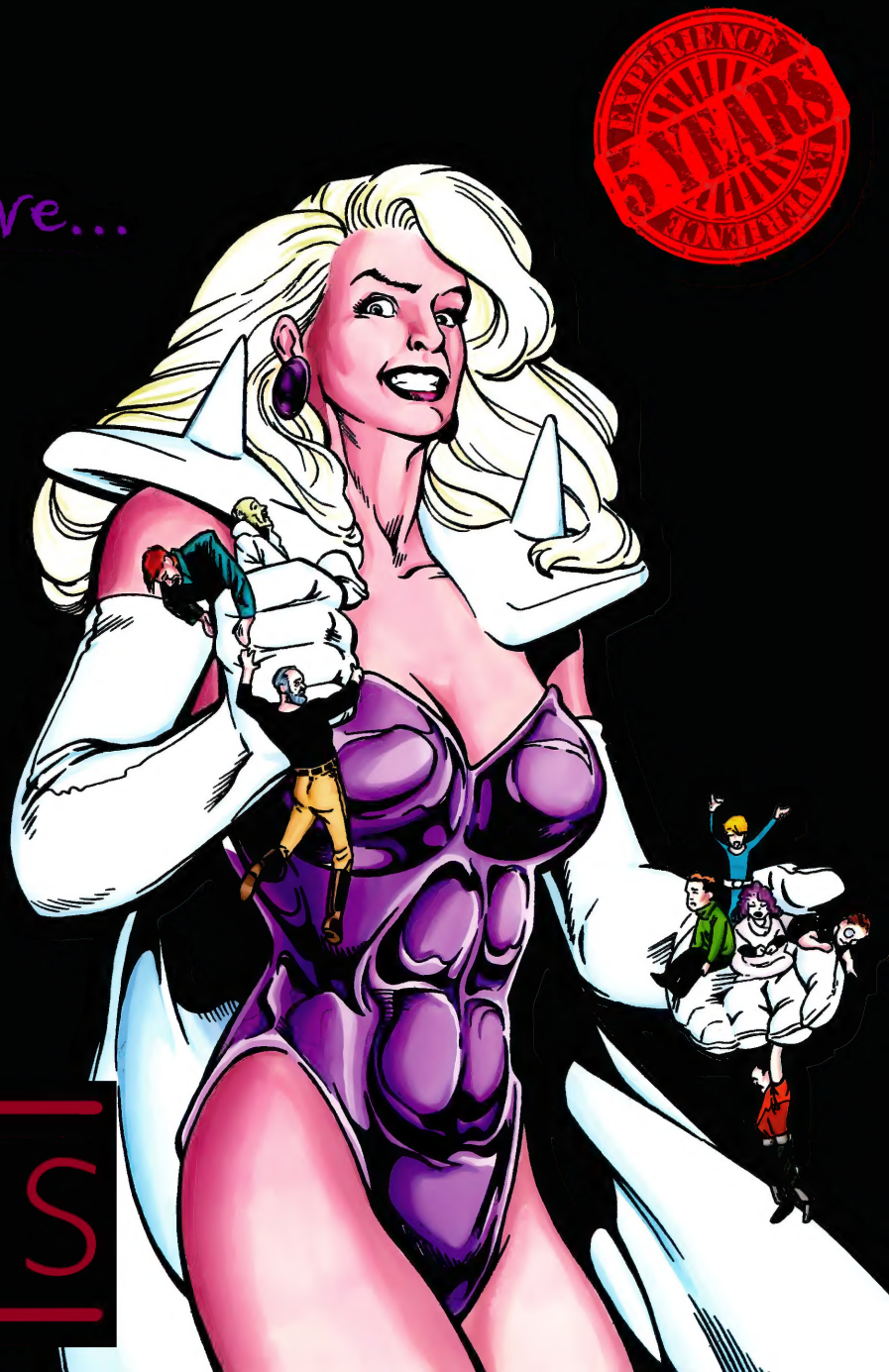
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT COMPANY, CAP--

AND I THINK YOU MIGHT *KNOW* THESE GUYS.

THE PEACEKEEPERS ?!

NEXT: NO PLACE LIKE HOME!

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

novus